

THE DEATH OF THE KING

Since the news came of the death of Edward VII., the mind has naturally reverted to those days in the early part of 1901 when the British Dominions were last called upon to mourn the loss of their sovereign. Today there is no lack of evidence that the event has given rise to deep emotion, but it is essentially of a different character from that which was manifested on the previous occasion. The passing of Victoria meant the ushering out of an order of things, the beginnings of which few of even the oldest among us could remember. For sixty-four wonderful years she had occupied the throne. It was the close of a great era in British history. No wonder men's hearts and imaginations were stirred. But at the same time they recognized that the end had come to the good Queen in the ripe fullness of years, that her work was done and that it was not reasonable to expect her reign to be further prolonged.

With the King whom we mourn today it was altogether different. For over a half century he had undergone a training for his great post which in thoroughness has never been excelled. He came to the throne with unequalled capacity, both by virtue of his long period of preparation and by his innate qualities of heart and head, and for the discharge of his duties. In nine short years he has been able to accomplish much. The prestige of his personality and of his office he has always devoted to the realization of those objects on which the progress of not only the nation, but of the human race at large depends. But with grounds for hoping that he would be spared to his people for a considerable number of years to come and with a great crisis imminent, in which the presence of an exceptional man on the throne was needed, as it has never been before, since British constitutional procedure was thoroughly established, he has been suddenly snatched away. There was no tragic element in the Queen's death; there is, in a profound sense, in that of the King.

The daily press has dwelt at length on his career and on his public services, and there is little need to add anything to what has already appeared there. No Britisher ever made a stronger appeal to all classes and conditions of society. He understood the national character as few have ever done before him. The citizen of the lowliest rank who was singled out for royal attention, was made to feel as much at his ease in the King's presence as was the Emperor of Russia or the President of France. "Donhomie" is the word which best expresses this outstanding quality of which he was possessed to an extraordinary degree, and there is none which can be turned to better account by a man who is called upon to act as a ruler over men.

He entered fully into the life of the nation on all its sides. Those who thought him in his earlier years a mere trifler were soon disabused of the idea. But he would not have been able to accomplish so much if he had confined his interests to the sternly real part of existence and had failed to show that he had red blood in his veins. The contrast between him and his father in this respect was most marked. The Prince Consort was a scholar and a moralist and was greatly impressed by the responsibilities of his position. He neglected nothing on the serious side of national life, but his interest in the amusements of the people was plainly perfunctory. The result was that he never had the hold on their affections that his son had.

King Edward could win the esteem and confidence of those to whom trivialities, social and otherwise, made no appeal. One of his warmest friends was Goldwin Smith. Henry Labouchere, an extreme Radical, said not long ago that if Britain were to be made a republic tomorrow, his ballot for the first president would certainly be cast for Edward Gueph. And no one could ever accuse Mr. Labouchere of being a sycophantic courtier. Of the politicians of the day, none were more frequently sought out by His Majesty than John Burns, the dock-laborer who rose to be a privy councillor, and there was no more devoted admirer of the King than Mr. Burns. At the same time those to whom the race course, the yachting regatta, the cricket field and the stage were the be-all and the end-all, the man on the street and the toiler in the factory, all lifted their hats and cheered for "good old Teddy," with a fervor, the meaning of which no one could mistake. Is it surprising that such a sovereign is mourned?

This has all to do with those phases of the King's life, in which his influence has been directly exerted and can be plainly recognized. But under our constitutional system the activity which he dis-

played in the affairs of government is not so apparent. In everything that he did to shape the course of either home or foreign affairs, it was necessary to act through a responsible minister. He thoroughly understood his position and there was no danger of a revival of the pretensions of the Stuarts by him. But no one can follow closely the course of public affairs, or read the biographies of the statesmen of the Victorian era or the utterances which those now living make from time to time, without realizing that the sovereign is very far from being the negligible quantity in the government of the country that he has in some quarters been represented as being.

Throughout all changes in administration, the King remains the permanent factor and there can be no question that by his advice many a tangle has been straightened out and many a mistake, full of serious consequences to the nation, been avoided. In foreign affairs this is bound to have been the case in a very large measure, and the increased friendliness which has been brought about among the nations of Europe and the long series of arbitration treaties that have entered into, are due, we may be certain, to a very large extent to the energy and tact and foresight of His Ma-

He they up or down, we have still the Crown, There's a King in the land today.

The fact that "there is a King in the land today" means everything to those who value that feeling of security and of true liberty which comes to all who live under the Union Jack. The sovereign is not now a nonentity and never will be till we adopt a new theory of government entirely, which God forbid! And it is only the shallow-minded, who will maintain that it is a matter of no consequence what the personality is of the individual who exercises "the power of the ancient throne." We therefore honor today, in all sincerity, the memory of him who is gone and join in the expression of the hope that his son and successor may prove worthy in all respects of the best traditions of his forbears.

Note and Comment

With questions of University policy assuming so much importance in Alberta, with a proposition

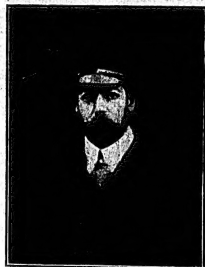
His Late Majesty



A Photograph of King Edward taken a few weeks before his death.

The King was at all times an enthusiastic sportsman

Our new Sovereign



King GEORGE V as a Yachtsman

esty. As the years go by we shall learn more of the exact nature of his services in this connection and the more complete our information becomes, the more certain are we to accord him the title of The Peacemaker. Of no title in the scroll of history could a sovereign be prouder.

Nor is a King's usefulness limited to what he has actually accomplished. Back of everything under the British form of government stands the throne, and no one who has made a study of that system can fail to appreciate all that this fact has meant in giving permanence and stability to our institutions and to their administration. A light opera was produced not long ago in London, in a song from which this idea is well expressed, though we are not in the habit of looking for a statement of fundamental truths in such productions. One verse runs:

"For the party crowds are as changing clouds,
By the breath of the people blown,
But the lord is one as the changeless sun,
And the power of the ancient throne.
So the party still may say, as the parties pass away,

on foot to establish in Calgary a rival to the provincial institution, it will pay us to keep closely in touch with the trend of opinion on matters of higher education in other parts of the world. A week or so ago the head of one of the great universities of the continent, President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton, who is incidentally the greatest of living American historians, delivered a very remarkable address. The occasion was a banquet of the Princeton Alumni Association of Western Pennsylvania.

"The colleges are in the same dangerous position as the churches," he declared. "I hope that the last thing I will ever be capable of will be casting a shadow on the church, and yet the churches—the Protestant churches, at least—have dissociated themselves from the people. They serve the classes, not the masses. They serve certain strata, certain visible uplifted strata, and ignore the men whose need is dire. They have more regard for pew rents than for souls, and in proportion as they seek the respect of their congregations to lift them in esteem, they are lowering themselves in the whole scale of Christian endeavor.

"The colleges are in the same class, looking to the support of wealth rather than to the people. The State university is being lifted in popular esteem and the privately-endowed institution is being lowered. The future is for the State university and not for the privately endowed one. The State university is constantly sensitive to public opinion, to the opinion of the unknown man who can vote.

"Where does the strength of the nation come from? Not from the men of wealth; they have been lifted; their need has been satisfied. It comes from the great mass of the unknown, of the unrecognized, whose powers are being bettered by struggle, who will form their opinions as they go along in that struggle, and who will emerge with opinions equal to their strength, opinions which will rule.

"Most of the masters of endeavor of our day have not come from the colleges but from the great rough-and-ready workers of the world. College men serve the non-college men; do you realize that?

"I have been struck sometimes with the thought, would Lincoln have been a better instrument for the country's good if he had been put through the processes of one of our modern colleges? I believe in my heart he'd have been less instrumental for good. You can't spend four years in one of our universities without becoming imbued with the spirit most dangerous, that if you are to succeed you must train with certain influences which now dominate the country.

"If I wanted a leader I'd choose him from among those who are saturated with the impressions of common men. All the fruitage of the earth comes from the black soil, which are the elements that make for strength, for beauty. Is the strength in the fruit? Not at all; it is in the black soil. Every great force comes from below, not from above."

President Wilson says what a good many who have been giving the subject consideration have been thinking for a long while back. His words, coming from a man of his prominence as an educator, are bound to have a powerful influence and to make a great many people realize that millions of dollars that have been spent on the cause of so-called higher education have been absolutely wasted. He has placed his finger on the weak spot of the universities. They dissociate a man from the everyday life of the people at a time when it is imperative in his interests that he should be closely in touch with it. The university which is to accomplish anything of value must correct this tendency. Fortunately in Alberta we have determined to have our own state institution, which will be free from the dangerous influences to which President Wilson refers. It has set out to be a university of the people in the best sense of the word and is entitled to the united support of the province.

There was a fine thing about Earl Grey's speech in reply to the addresses of the Houses of Parliament presented at the farewell gathering in his honor which took place in the Senate chamber.

"I have had abundant opportunity," he declared, "probably more abundant than has ever been vouchsafed to many, to make myself closely acquainted with the high hopes and confident beliefs of the Canadian people, and to form a more or less adequate estimate of your tremendous potentialities. When I reflect on the vastness of your area, the fertility of your soil, the unlimited wealth of your natural resources, the invigorating nature of your climate, and on the strenuous character of your people, I feel as convinced as I am that tomorrow's sun will rise that nothing can prevent you from becoming, perhaps before the close of the present century, not only the granary but the heart and soul and rudder of the empire."

The claims of the Dominion on the attention of the world were never better stated, and it is in giving expression to national aspirations that the Governor-General has his most important function. That Earl Grey's interest in Canada will not cease with his departure we may rest assured, and it is a matter of no small satisfaction that the country will have at the heart of the Empire so eloquent a voice as his to sound its praises.

English papers now arriving give a clear idea of the character of the constitutional struggle now impending, the possible consequences of which add so much to the tragedy of the King's death. Mr. Asquith has challenged in most positive fashion the

(Continued on Page Eight.)

The People of Edmonton
will find in the
IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA
Well-equipped Savings Department

Accounts may be opened for small sums or large (\$1.00 and upwards).
Interest allowed on deposits at current rate from date of deposit.
All the facilities and safety of a strong bank are at the service of our depositors.
A special room is provided for women.
Married Women and Minors may make deposits and withdraw the same without the intervention of any person.

Capital Authorized, \$10,000,000.00
Capital Paid Up, \$5,000,000.00 Reserve Fund, \$5,000,000.00

Edmonton Office, Cor. McDougall and Jasper
Edmonton West End Branch, 619 Jasper West
Your Savings Account is solicited. **G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK**
Manager

NORTHERN CROWN BANK

HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

Capital (Authorized) \$6,000,000
Capital (Paid Up) \$2,200,000

A General Banking Business transacted at all Branches.

Accounts of Individual Firms, Corporations and Societies carried on most favourable terms.

Special care given to Saving Bank Accounts.

Branches throughout Canada.

R. CAMPBELL, General Manager
L. M. MCCARTHY, Supt. of Branches

H. H. RICHARDS, Manager - Edmonton Branch

No "Cussing" from 'Hubby'

When he comes to put on a collar that has been laundered at the Snow Flake Laundry. "THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD" is our motto. Give us a trial. We call and deliver your laundry promptly.

Snow Flake Laundry

DESILETS & COMPANY

311, Jasper West,
Edmonton's Exclusive
Wall Paper Store.

Greatest Wall Paper display
ever seen in Edmonton.

The latest and best designs
for 1910.

These papers are selling very
fast and should be seen at once

Sample sent to any address.

Exclusive Agents for Brige & Sons'
Papers, Buffalo and New York.

DESILETS & Co.,

Phone 1853. 311, Jasper Avenue West.

THE VACUUM CLEANER



HELP!

SPRING CLEANING

will be made easy this year.
The Vacuum Cleaner Co.
have new and increased facilities
for doing your work quickly
and with little expense.

Your carpets and furniture
can be thoroughly freed from
dust in a few hours without
leaving the house. We have
also experienced hands to take
up and relay carpets which can
be cleaned at our works.

Electric Vacuum Cleaner for sale or rent.
R. Kenneth, Agent.
EDMONTON.
ENT & MATTHEWS
619, SECOND STREET.

NS News

"Where'er he went,
His very presence made a holiday,
Appropriate laughter and quick, un-
sad tears.
Now he being gone, the sun shines
not so bright,
And every shadow darkens.

Into the unseen he passed, willing and
glad,
And humbly proud of a great nation's
voice.

In honored age, with heart untouched
by years,
Save to grow sweeter and more dear,
Into that world whereon so oft he
mused,
He never forgot not this, nor shall
we him,
That magic smile, that most pathetic
voice,
That stately gait, that rare and
faithful soul."

When the news of the King's death
came to me on Friday last, I was sit-
ting reading in the quiet of the up-
per verandah. About four o'clock the
phone had rung and the editor had
told me the end could be only a few
hours distant. But going back to my
book somehow I could not settle my
mind to it that the King would be
dead. About the air was very
still, scarcely rippling the little fluffy
cat-tails on the poplars at my elbow.
People were sauntering along Victo-
ria avenue happily and leisurely, say-
ing nothing, but their eyes were every-
thing—book, surroundings and the
world—moving by me just below, be-
spoke peace, contentment, the ordi-
nary uneventful routine of a glorious
afternoon in early spring.

Sudden a smart breeze sprang
up and that weird little something
sounded crept into the air, that to me
at least from some early childish im-
pression or experience, has always
whistled death or disaster. Simul-
taneously people began to hurry their
pace on the streets; my book lay
neglected in my lap. Anything may
happen; everything is possible when
the wind-sighs and sighs.

The tinkle of the telephone bell in
the midst of the wild wind orchestra
seemed out of some scheme of things
whose outcome I had already come to
expect, and the announcement at this
moment that King Edward had died in
his faraway palace in England car-
ried with it no shock of surprise. The
wind knows his lesson well.

Had I not heard it in the convent,
a hundred times, when trouble brooded
over the little Abbey? Was it for
nothing I had listened to it the day
a great man lay dead across the road
from me in the very house where as
Prince of Wales, Edward the Seventh
himself had spent the night and part
of a day? Such a man, wild
didge sings, the wind, when death is
in the air.

I remember I stayed quite still in
my chair, mind over the water, con-
sidering what the outcome of this
great blow would mean to England
and the world in general, while a lit-
tle newsboy calling an extra passed
up the avenue.

Crossing the street were three Eng-
lishmen, returning from golf, who
whether from good-heartedness or
curiosity (for the boy had not cried
what news the extra contained) beck-
oned the lad and bought a paper.
I can see him now, the one in the
middle opening it, and then as the
big black headline and reversed letters
caught his eye, with the message they
signified, "Edward the Seventh is
dead," his legs suddenly stiffen, his
head bent lower as if his eyes had
played him false, and then as he
stopped stock-still in the road as if
they were struck all of a heap.

When I remember that day in years
to come, so will I see it, three men
absolutely immovable in the centre
of the street, a wind howling by, and
the "Daily Capital" flapping to and
fro, with the King's photo now vis-
ible and again away. Since that day
afternoon I have an impression of
sobered faces, flags fluttering at half-
mast, men describing him as they
saw him "at home" passing by in
his carriage, or "on duty" at some
public function. The final review
which, whether as King or little Com-
moner, is accorded each of us after
life's fitful fever when our friends
describe us as we have appeared to
them "for the last time."

And then I remembered, in a scrap-
book dated three years back, an article
I had pasted written by Harold
Begbie, entitled "Esau's Dream." Its
significance from a Canadian standpoint
at this time, is to me particularly
striking.

"When I was a child," he wrote,
"and knelt on a big hassock in the
rectory pew of a Suffolk church, I
used to wonder, while the dromedary
against the green-tinted diamond-
paned windows, and the crowing of
chickens came with drowsy sunbeams
through the open door, whether the
dear, sad-faced old lady in a widow's
cap, whose picture hung in our hall,
knew that my father was praying for
her good health."

"I used to wonder, too, whether she
ever reflected how at that particular
moment from one end of the world to
the other, men were breathing her
woman's name into the hearing of
the King, King, Lord, Lord, Lord,
against the ruler of princes. How won-
derful for that little lady to think of
this universal supplication, this
humbling, how uplifting! Did she
bow her head very, very low, I won-
dered, as the choir prayer of Eng-
land rose in the hush of those Sand-
bach morns from city and town, from
village and hamlet—the voice of her
great little England approaching the
confidence of God on her behalf?"

"Most heartily we beseech Thee
with Thy favor to behold our most
loving Sovereign Lady, Queen Vic-
toria."

"The innocent wonder of childhood
lies far behind me on the dusty road
of life. He who prayed and she for
whom prayed have both outgrown the
shadow of our night. Other chil-
dren play in that Suffolk gleebe, a
school in that village church, and an-
other inhabits the majestic splendor
of the throne of England."

"But here in Canada, not in a
church, but at the disordered table
of a banquet far away in the West,
with the crown of the Pacific ocean in
my ears and the scents of a deep
cool pine forest stealing in to the
candles through the opening of a
tent, I find my wonderment follow-
ing the ancient trail of a far-away
childhood. Does Edward the Sev-
enth, I ask myself, ever reflect that
in all the zone of a world, night
after night, year in, year out, at the
old familiar call, 'Gentlemen, the
King—men of Shakespeare's blood
and Alfred's lineage spring to their
feet, as at the sound of a trumpet, and
the local welkin rings with their
them of the British race? Is he con-
scious, whosever he be at this mo-
ment, of the low, strong, running
Amen of our anthem, which throbs
through the tent as we set down our
plates before—?—The King—
King!—God bless him! Does he feel
the magic of the world-wide loyalty?
Does the poetry of this far-flung
brotherhood thrill him as it
thrills us six thousand miles away
from the lights of London? Is he
made aware, through the ether which
carries all longings and all prayers,
of the masculine affection and the
manful emotion which inspires his
Britons beyond the seas? The cry
is deep enough, the sentiment is true
enough, to bridge the grey Atlantic.
The King!—God bless him! Every
night, in every quarter of the globe,
men and women, strong as stars,
as the mountains, this pledge of loy-
alty, this profession of faith by the
people of the British—The King!—
God bless him."

"We light our cigars, cottee comes
circling round the tables; the buzz of
conversation fills the room; and pre-
sently the chairman, tossing his nap-
kin on the table in front of him, rises
to propose another toast."

"But my thoughts cling to the an-
cient trail. In the mist of tobacco
smoke, which hangs like a gauze veil
above the fruits and flowers of the
table, I see a vision of Windsor Cas-
tle, with the Royal Standard stream-
ing out against a sky of summer tur-
quoise, exactly as it shone for my
boyish eyes in a box of bricks. The
fragrance of England's May-breathing
hedge-rows and the deep earthy
scents of her glimmering woods of
oak and holly come back to me from
the fields of memory. All that makes
England demi-Paradise—her rose-
hedge, her green woods, her creep-
ing rivers, her April orchards, and
her March-blown hills—all this
gradually rises in a green
glow before me to the eyes of my
musing. And as I feel the spell and
magic of this other Eden, I feel
the power and the glory of the
British throne. I understand how it
is that whosoever I go in Canada,
I find myself drawn to the tower of
the White, and though but a mo-
ment hence they were laughing over
the swirl of craft and the swirl of
the British throne. The King!—
God bless him! He is to these dwell-
ers in a far land, these Englishmen
and these Canadians, the symbol of
our 'tramp free hills and sleep-
beauty blue sky,' the magic name which
brings them the gates of the past,
and shows again the pleasant vision
of childhood. At the name of the
King, the tower of England, and
Windsor Castle, the Tower of Lon-
don, Westminster Abbey—all the
glories and greatness of free and
glorious England—this memory, with
the childhood's picture of Yeomen of the
Guard, Lord Mayor processions, and
the swirl of craft and the swirl of
bridges, leaps in one fond yearning
affection to the exiled heart at the
foot of the King. All that men
learned of England at the knees of
their mothers comes like a vision
at the call of the King. At that name
How dreams his dream of home."

"How great and good a thing to be
the head and fountain of a nation
wandering people. What a sublime
reflection for a single individual that
men and women scatter across the
great globe, and sundered from each
other by every sea that rolls beneath
the stars, regard his name as a band
binding them in a great common-
union. To be the captain of the British people
is there higher office on the
earth? To be sundered from each
other and the seal of a great race march-
ing to wider freedom—is there a nob-
ler inspiration under heaven?"

"How often I have raised my glass
in London to the toast of his Ma-
jesty, and murmured like a school-
boy repeating his lesson the concor-
dant affirmation, 'The King!—God
bless him! But here separated by a
continent and an ocean from the
shores of England, what significance
there is in the toast, and what com-
munion in the voices of those who stand
to drink! Here in the Island of Van-
couver, in all forms of the British
proceeding, and our toast is sacred,
like a religious service. We are men
and women, scattered across the globe,
we are free people uttering a ritual of
our unity. The flag which drapes the
table enfolded an empire. The name
of the King knits us into a com-
munity. With what a proud chal-
enge it rings out. The King!—the
King! And then, quietly, under the
breath, the most emphatic prayer:
'God bless him!'"

"My thoughts go back over the
long journey from Quebec to the city
of Victoria. Scarce has a day passed
but in some city or village we have
stood the drink the loyal and ancient
toast. Not only in the proud club
houses and halls of prosperous cit-
ies, but in little lakeside hamlets, in
new-built prairie towns, and in the
midst of the Rocky Mountains. And,
not only have we been called upon
to drink that toast by the millionaire,
professor, but by broken men, who
drift from land to land, from city to
city, who drink too deeply and who
live too madly, but in whose tempest-
uous and all but lawless brains beat
still the hit of England's song, 'Gen-
tlemen—the King! For that moment
we are all gentlemen. For that mo-
ment Esau wears the European liver-
y of his brother Jacob."

"It is thus throughout the vast Do-
minion of Canada. It is thus in the
mighty Empire of India. It is thus in
ancient Egypt. It is thus in South
Africa. It is thus in Australia. Shore
calls to shore the ancient pledge, and
the ships that sail between link voice
to voice. Hark how it rings across
the world, that cry, 'The King!—God
bless him!—from one whole contin-
ent to another, from the peninsulas, from
five hundred promontories, from a
thousand lakes, from two thousand
rivers, from ten thousand islands, from
seventy out of every hundred ships
at sea. What pride, what pomp,
what honor, what responsibility—to
be the inspiration of that prayer."

In the same book I find Queen
Alexandra's favorite poem, entitled,
"Beyond which is the accompaniment
her wreath at Mrs. Gladstone's funeral."
It is but crossing with a bated
breath, that cry, 'The King!—God
bless him!'"

And with set face a little strip of
To find the loved ones waiting on the
shore.
More beautiful, more precious than
the face of a man, what a sight
I never stand above a bier and see
The seal of death set on some well-
loved face.

But that I think 'One more to wel-
come' When I shall cross the intervening
space.
Between this land and that one over
there,
One mortal to make the strange, Be-
yond more fair."

In her tragic bereavement the
Queen has the heartiest and personal
sympathy of the entire nation, who
will not readily forget what a fine
figure of a man, what a statesman,
what a gentleman, walked in the per-
son of their late lamented King.
—PEGGY.

The King at Close Range.

"The King was one of the most
perfect gentlemen I have ever
known," said Mr. W. K. McQuinn,
now in the employ of the C.P.R.
in the Company, and a former
soldier in the Imperial army, to the
Toronto Telegram the day of the
King's death.

Mr. McQuinn was a sergeant in
the Marines, and was one of the 100
who formed a special bodyguard on
Sardinia, and came to Canada with
the ship his Majesty, then Prince of Wales, made the voy-
age to on India in 1875. Mr. Mc-
Quinn said:

"I remember him well on that trip.
He was a jolly fellow, and not a bit
stuck up.

"He would come down to our mess
in the evening occasionally and laugh
and joke with us."

"At that time he wore mutton chop
whiskers, and a moustache, which
were then fashionable. Everybody
loved him from the cabin boy to the
captain."

"I remember when we were sail-
ing down the Indian Ocean. About
two o'clock one morning I was on
watch near the Prince's cabin. All
was as still as could be, and it was
beautiful weather, so I took advan-
tage of the conditions to have a quiet
smoke. Much to my surprise, his
Highness came out of his cabin, not
in the least disturbed by my smoking,
and caught me red-handed of en-
joying my pipe. He made a jocular
remonstrance, which I passed on,
and never reported the matter."

"Many's the time he was instru-
mental in getting all of the crew that
could be spared speedily leave of ab-
sence whenever the ship stopped at
a port on the way out. He was al-
ways interested in the crew."

"After we landed at Bombay the
ship's crew held a banquet at Bom-
bay. It was Christmas Day, and his
Highness put in an appearance and
wished everybody a good time. At
Point de Galle, Ceylon, we had an-
other banquet, and the again graced
it with his presence."

"I was one of the guard of honor
the time the present Queen arrived
from Denmark to marry the Prince
of Wales in 1863. That was one of
the proudest sights I have ever seen.
There were hundreds of school chil-
dren, all dressed in white, lining the
dock with the hundreds of soldiers at
cavalry and the clear and strong
songs of welcome to the present
Queen."

"I have several times been on
guard of honor for the King.
"I am sorry, very sorry, to hear of
his death, for he was a gentleman,
and one of the finest in the world," con-
cluded Mr. McQuinn.

"John!" she exclaimed, jabbing her
elbow into his ribs at 217 a. m. "did
you lock the kitchen door?" And
John, who is inner-guard, and was
just then dreaming over risk of
ring's lodge meeting, sprang up in bed
made the proper sign, and responded,
"Worthy Lord, our portals are guard-
ed." Oh, he hit the title right, even
if he was asleep.—United Presbyterian.

The Store of Quality

A few of Hallier & Aldridge's
Special Cakes

Mocha
20c. and 35c. each
Louise
25c. each
Empress
15c. each

Layer Cakes
25c. 35c. and 50c. each
Golden Rod
15c. each

Everything guaranteed fresh
and made from the best
materials.

HALLIER & ALDRIDGE

Phone 1327 - 223 Jasper Ave.

Phone 1639. Ambulance Service

Andrews & Sons

Undertakers

Prompt attention to day or night calls

524 Namaya Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

Eyes tested at Watcher's

Satisfaction guaranteed
or money refunded. We
grind our own lenses and
are prepared to fill the
most difficult prescrip-
tions or to replace bro-
ken lenses, whether you
wait. We are always at
your service.

G. F. WATCHER

Manufacturing Jeweler
Engraver, Watchmaker and
Optician

Glasses ground on premises
Phone 1647 124 Jasper Ave. E.

SPECIAL!

We are offering some
of the most up-to-date
millinery at prices un-
usually low, at

The Toronto Millinery Store 143 Jasper W.

MISS M. FARRELL.

One door east of Edmonton's Bay Co.

Ladies' School

Miss Gage has opened a Class
for Girls at the MacLean Block.
Subjects taught: English, all
Branches, French, Drawing,
Music, Needlework and
Dancing.

NEXT TERM BEGINS APRIL
15th, 1910.

For further particulars apply:

MISS GAGE

273 SEVENTH STREET

City.

THE ALBERTA HAIR GOODS CO.

235 JASPER W.

The only Electric also
Shower Baths in the City
for Ladies.

Massaging and Manicuring

See our window for
Hair Goods etc.

The Saturday News.

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW
 A. B. WATTS Managing Director
 D. R. HAYES Business Manager
 Subscription \$1.50 per year
 Edmonton and United States \$2.00
 Advertising Rates on application
 HEAD OFFICE—
 39 HOWARD AVENUE, EDMONTON
 Business Office Telephone 1861
 Editorial Room Telephone 3282

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1910.

LEGAL

Short, Cross, Biggar & Cowan
 Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.
 Wm. Short, K.C., Hon. C. W. Cross
 O. M. Biggar, Hector Cowan
 Offices, Merchants Bank Bldg.
 MONEY TO LOAN.

Dawson, Hyndman & Hyndman
 ADVOCATES, NOTARIES ETC.
 Edmonton Alta.
 Money to Loan on Real Estate
 Office: McDougall Block
 H. J. Dawson, J. D. Hyndman,
 H. H. Hyndman.

Emery, Newell & Bolton
 Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.
 E. C. Emery, C. F. Newell
 S. E. Bolton.
 Office: McDougall Avenue, near
 Imperial Bank Bldgs.

Lavell, Allison & Wilson
 BARRISTERS, ETC.
 John R. Lavell W. B. Allison
 N. C. Wilson

Bank of Commerce Chambers
 Strathcona, Alberta

E. S. McQuaid
 BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
 NOTARY

Office: 104 Windsor Block,
 Edmonton - Alberta.
 MONEY TO LOAN

Robertson, Dickson & Macdonald

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS
 H. H. Robertson, S. A. Dickson,
 J. M. Macdonald.
 Edmonton and Fort Saskatchewan
 Office: 136 Jasper Ave. E.
 Money to Loan.

ACCOUNTANTS
 ALBERT E. NASH
 ACCOUNTANT AUDITOR
 ASSIGNEE LIQUIDATOR

Room 206 Windsor Block.
 Phone 2413

RED DEER - ALBERTA

MOORE & DULIE

BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS

J. Carlyle Moore, B.A., J.D.
 Corbet L. Durie, B.A., Crown
 Prosecutor.

Particular attention to collections
 and agency work.

ARCHITECTS

BARNES & GIBBS

Registered Architects
 R. Percy Barnes, F.A.I.C., A.A.A.
 C. Lionel Gibbs, M.S.A., A.A.A.
 141 Jasper Ave. West, Edmonton.
 Phone 1361

James Henderson, F.R.I.B.A.,
 A.A.A.

ARCHITECT

Cristall Block, 42 Jasper Ave. West,
 Edmonton.

OSTEOPATHY

D. C. BLINN, Osteopath,
 Treats successfully all curable dis-
 eases. No drugs used.
 Hours: 9 to 5 and 6 to 9 p. m.
 245 JASPER AVENUE, WEST

MUSIC

Miss Beatrice Crawford
 TEACHER OF PIANO
 Accompanist

Studio: ALBERTA COLLEGE

DRESSMAKING

MRS A. WHITMARSH
 Has opened a Dressmaking Parlor at
 420 McDougall Avenue.
 Eight years' experience in Eastern
 Canada.
 POSITIVELY ALL WORK
 GUARANTEED



A man from Edmonton took a trip fifty miles back from the railroad the other day. When he reached a little cross-road settlement, he found the whole population gathered outside the blacksmith shop in a terrible state of excitement. One of the villagers had something in his hand he was reading aloud.

The newcomer was immediately surrounded.

"Heavens above!" said the keeper of the general store. "This is simply awful. How did it happen? We never looked for such a thing. Have they captured the government buildings or gotten hold of the Lieutenant-Governor yet?"

"Oh, no! Not yet," said the arrival from Edmonton, "and I don't think that Cushing will ever be premier."

"What are you talking about?" came from all sides. "Can't you forget politics even now. We know all about the doings of the insurgents. What we want is the latest news about the invasion."

"The invasion? Sorry I didn't understand. Yes, it is a wonderful invasion. Why the way the Americans are coming into Alberta and the way the steamboats are crowded with British."

He was interrupted by a dozen men clutching at him and asking if he was crazy.

"Do you mean to say you haven't heard about the Japs?" they yelled. "The Japs? What Japs? Those in Alberta Hotel, Calgary, or on the C. P. R. trains?"

With this the blacksmith shoved before his face a copy of the Vancouver "Westward Ho!" and shouting "Read that!" pointed to the headline.

"THE PACIFIC WAR OF 1910."

JAPANESE INVADE ALBERTA

He obeyed with eagerness. It was a thrilling story, with a signature attached that he recognized. It was that of Dr. Charles Stuart Wade, Edmonton's former police magistrate, now of Vancouver. This is what he read:

"The finding of the corpse of a man, evidently Japanese, at Glacier House, 422 miles distant from Vancouver, undoubtedly killed by explosives used in destroying the tunnel (through which alone communication with the Eastern provinces could be maintained), left little doubt in the minds of the officials of an organized conspiracy for the complete isolation of the province by Japanese agents."

"At Calgary, it had been noticed for some days previously that large numbers of Japs had been journeying westward; whilst every train from the States poured in an increasing multitude; but in view of the approaching Christmas holidays no special attention was directed towards these little yellow men until information was received of a most inexplicable disaster at the Kicking Horse Gorge, where the westbound train had been wiped off of existence."

"Great was the excitement in Calgary some hours later, when it became known that the wrecking and relief train which had been hurried to the spot could not be located; a special was then made up, but this also failed to report its arrival or whereabouts. Meanwhile rumors had reached the city from American sources of strange happenings in British Columbia, and the third train that was despatched contained a body of soldiers under Col. Walker, accompanied by a detachment of R. N. W. M. P."

attachment of R. N. W. M. P."

"On reaching Anthracite, this train was signalled to stop by a man in conductor's uniform, but scarcely had the engine been brought to a standstill, than the deserted buildings of this erstwhile coal-mining district poured forth hundreds of armed Japanese. With rare presence of mind the engine-driver reversed levers and sped back eastward, almost derailed the train at Canmore; where a body of Japs were already engaged placing obstructions on the line, many of whom were shot; others being killed by the train itself."

"Banff and the district west had evidently been seized and was held in force by Japanese soldiers who fired volley after volley upon the train in its rapid (and unlooked for) flight through Kananaskis. At Morley Colonel Walker established his command while the train continued at full speed to Calgary for reinforcements. Thus the enemy by a superb master stroke of careful strategy, obtained control of two fully equipped trains, together with surgical outfits, and the emergency train with its tools, derrick, and other valuable appliances."

"Consternation reigned supreme on the arrival of the train, when it became known that what was practically a state of war existed within fifty miles of the city; intensified by telegraphic information received from Edmonton to the effect that the capital of Alberta was in possession of a large force of Japanese troops, who had seized several trains and were in control of both the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific lines."

"Later dispatches reported the arrival of yet another train loaded with machine guns and ammunition, evidently secreted at some unknown point where a military base had been established by the Japanese settlers in view of the sudden outbreak, which had been only too successful! Wetaskiwin and Red Deer were later on reported to be held by the Japanese, as also the Crow's Nest Pass Railway to the south; thus cutting off the Rocky Mountain and Selkirk ranges, the richest mineral belt in the world, an idle Province of British Columbia from all communication with the rest of Canada."

"No time had been lost by Colonel Walker in transmitting the astonishing intelligence of the Japanese attack to Ottawa, and within the hour steps were taken by the Governor-General, his ministers, and the military authorities to meet the situation. General Gordon, commanding the militia department, instantly telegraphing to every military centre to mobilize and despatch every man obtainable. Winnipeg, where was established the first base for operations against the invaders."

"At the latter city the newspaper offices were speedily besieged by throngs of people anxiously reading bulletins from the west and United States sources; which reporting disaster after disaster aroused excitement to the utmost point of frenzy. Within twenty-four hours ten trains left Winnipeg for Calgary with troops from Regina, the headquarters of the R. N. W. M. P., every obtainable man had been sent westward within a couple of hours; with instructions to pick up detachments at all points along the line. The Japanese, however, had not been idle, for nearly every important bridge over which the metals passed (for the entire distance of 840 miles separating the two cities) had been destroyed during the night, or otherwise rendered insecure, thus delaying the Canadian troops for several days, as it was found that similar tactics had been employed to prevent reinforcements being sent along the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Canadian Northern Railways."

From England came the news that all the resources of the Empire were being organized with the utmost rapidity, and that 10,000 British soldiers had left for Canada within twelve hours of receiving the news; whilst the Mediterranean fleet and Chinese squadron had been ordered to the Orient with the utmost despatch, by means of the wireless telegraph. From the commonwealth came news that the Australian fleet, strengthened by hundreds of volunteers had left for Honolulu to assist in the defence of Canada's "Western Domain," whilst a few days later the wireless reported that the Australian cruisers had intercepted the Japanese fleet, sent for the purpose of destroying all mercantile marine, and after a severe conflict captured or sunk the entire squadron—thus obtaining the first great naval victory in Pacific waters."

"Throughout the whole of Canada from the wilds of Newfoundland to the southernmost point of Nova Scotia, from St. John in New Brunswick to the border line of the States; and from every town and village of the Eastern provinces, the loyal Canadians headed westward; whilst from the great sister nation, came hundreds and thousands of stalwart volunteers, crowding every description of rolling stock to overflowing in their anxiety to meet a national foe."

"The prairies and foothills of Calgary district and Southern Alberta became one vast camp; but the season had been well chosen by the enemy for their invasion, for the great national park of Banff, with its 5,732 square miles of reservation, was a natural fortress from which it was impossible to dislodge the enemy; whilst at hundreds of other points to the westward, the natural obstacles—which it had taken the Canadian Pacific railway so many years to overcome—presented difficulties that showed little, if any, prospect of speedily affording assistance to the stricken province of British Columbia."

"Notwithstanding the expectation of defeat the anxiety on the mainland was most keen when it became known that the Straits of Georgia had been forced by Admirals Togo and Tio and the blockade of British Columbia made effective. Anxious to join the defence hundreds of Eastern Canadians crossed into American territory and hastened to points in the United States from which they might reach the seat of war by again crossing the border line in the guise of non-combatants—a role which was easily penetrated by the Southern officials—who not only sympathized but freely expressed a wish for American intervention and provided supplies when the roll of British Columbia was beneath their feet."

"Throughout Canada, bulletin boards were watched by countless eager eyes, dreading to read of disaster, but

VIOLA CREAM

As fragrant and pure
 as the violets

Indispensable for the toilet
 Makes the skin soft as velvet

25c a bottle



F. W. RICHARDSON

154 Jasper Ave. E.

Phone 1550

though the terrible carnage was detailed in all its horror, the Japanese advance was so slow that even the most pessimistic looked with hope on the situation, fervently praying that full and timely succour might reach the heroes who, fearless of death and totally unprepared for warfare, and so long and so valiantly opposed the most skillful warriors of a warlike nation; and still stood firm as the rocks of their native hills—a bulwark against the encroachments of Oriental despotism; and when news arrived on the last night of the year that the final scene was at hand, the entire populace of every town and city thronged the streets in anxious dread, whilst every wireless in the world

was watched with equal anxiety. "Never in the past, and probably never in the future will be heard such a shout as rose in the streets of Winnipeg when in the early dawn a telegram was thrown on the screen erected by the proprietors of the Winnipeg Free Press reading as follows—

"New Westminster, 1 a. m., 1st January—Supreme attack of entire Japanese force repelled by use of newly-discovered repulsion-waves, operated by Ronald Stuart—the inventor. Canadian losses nil, thousands of Japanese lying dead. Advance checked on both sides of Fraser. God save our King and country."

(Continued to page six.)

NEWEST STYLES FOR
 EVERY ROOM IN
 THE HOUSE

CAMPBELL FURNITURE COMPANY

Corner First and Jasper
 EDMONTON

STRICTLY
 MODERATE
 PRICES

Baby Carriages and Go Carts of all descriptions. Over 200 to select from. The largest and highest quality sold in the Province,

Latest Designs and Patterns in Curtains imported direct.

69c Are You Fond of Reading 69c

Then read the following list of books, by the best authors, which we are selling at the ridiculously low price of 69c. These books sell regularly for 1.25 and have sold at much higher prices. We want to clear them out and will sell at the above price the following:

Mistress of Bonaventure
 Crimson Blind
 Sherlock Holmes
 The Student Cavaliers
 The Storm Signal
 Mysterious Mr. Sabin
 The Epsom Mystery
 A Strange Disappearance

Regular \$1.25 for 69c

69c Little's Bookstore 69c

WHISKS

Just the thing necessary for this dusty weather.

I have also splendid values in cloth brushes.

J. F. McCallum
Druggist

Phone 2662 239 Jasper Ave. W.

NEW BOOKS SOILED

Worth \$1.50 when New
Yours now for

50c.

LITTLE'S

OUR STOCK OF

Brass Candlesticks

Is better assorted and at prices never before equalled in Edmonton.

Jackson Bros.
303 Jasper Avenue E.

Marriage Licenses Issued.
G.T.P. Watch Inspectors.

EDMONTON SCHOOL OF MUSIC, LTD.

Miss Jean McIsaac
Pianist and Accompanist

Pupils taken in Piano and Theory

Phone 2554 or House Phone 1069

The Jasper House
Jasper Avenue East, Edmonton

\$1.50 per Day

L. A. GOODRIDGE, Proprietor

DANCING CLASSES

Also private tuition for children and adults. Taught at home or at

Miss Paget's Studios

308 Jasper E., Phone 1651, for all particulars
Tuesdays, Fridays evenings
542 Jasper W., Phone 1478
Mondays, Wednesdays, and tuition by special arrangement

CITY FLOUR MILLS

When wanting your next sack of flour ask for our "WHITE ROSE"

Fancy Patent Flour
Handled by all grocers and Flour dealers. Every sack guaranteed

Campbell & Ottewell
EDMONTON, ALTA.

MARY W. CAMPBELL
Teacher of High Class

Etc.

China fired weekly
studio 476 Seventh St. Phone 1908

HOME AND SOCIETY

Edmonton

Since the news of the King's death flashed over the wires on Friday last everything of a social nature has been practically at a standstill. What few engagements and dates had been fixed were hurriedly called off by telephone, and until after his late Majesty's funeral, I am confident no one will feel much in the humor of entertaining or being entertained. In England the court has gone into mourning for six months; a very real mourning, one gathers and not the set state article demanded by royal etiquette.

Every despatch, every journal commenting on the tragic event, brings home to one the unique place King Edward the VII. occupied in the hearts of his people. If the late Queen held a big share in her subjects' esteem, her son has not only inherited that affection, but added to it. A more popular king it would be hard to imagine. A kinder, nobler gentleman never lived. It is in England and on the continent, of course, that the King's passing will be most keenly felt. To us of the Colonies, who never had personal sight or acquaintance with him, his death takes on more the nature of a public catastrophe. Something of the Northern Indian's conception of the late Queen Victoria perhaps sums up best just what the King represents to the average man in Canada. He is the embodiment of British law and order; of British traditions. With this general idea of course mingles the affection that each monarch attaches to himself as a man.

But to those to whom he was a familiar figure, walking in and out among them, to those who knew the personal little lovable traits of character and the nobility of his mind, they it is who, at this time will realize best the profound loss he is not only to his country, but to them as individuals.

Last week the usual Saturday golf tea was called off, and this week there will be no Friday luncheon or tea on Saturday.

The musicale to have been held at Mrs. Swaisland's and given by the Ladies' Aid of Christ Church on Tuesday of this week was cancelled immediately news of His Majesty's death came to hand.

Miss Kate Lowes who has been Mrs. K. Cornwall's guest for a fortnight, returned to her home in Calgary on Wednesday.

Miss Constance Dickey left this week to go as a nurse in training into the hospital at High River.

I have received some interesting postcards from Mrs. Richard Secord from London, England, telling of their very delightful experiences in the great metropolis.

Mrs. Jack Anderson left on a day's notice on Wednesday, for a three-months' trip abroad with her mother, Mrs. Frank Oliver.

Mrs. Bowker held her usual reception on Wednesday of this week, when a great many callers went out to the artistic little home on 12th St. to enjoy a chat over the teacups, and have the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Kirchoffer, the mother of the hostess, often described as "the cleverest woman in Canada." Those who met her at least found her a thoroughly charming and vivacious woman, everyone regretting that her stay at the Cap. I will not be of longer duration. Both she and Mrs. Bowker leave next week for the coast, where the latter and her husband will spend a month's holidays.

Mrs. Harry Robertson's "tea" on Thursday last was the one social distraction of the week; a very jolly and informal affair with such quantities of exquisite flowers, white hyacinths and sweet peas, lit by so many beautifully shaded candle-lights that the pretty rooms on entering gave one the effect of a dear old-fashioned tea party in some old Southern home rather than an ordinary Five O'Clocker in brick up-to-date Edmonton.

Mrs. Robertson received in a dainty white lingerie gown with lace and insertion, and a great many smart callers were present to enjoy what proved a thoroughly delightful hour. A dear little girl, the eldest daughter of the house, Margaret Robertson, in a dainty starched frock and a great big pink ribbon bow in her hair, opened the door to the guests, and Mrs. MacFarlane and Mrs. Cooper assisted in doing the honors in the drawing room.

The tea table was in charge of Mrs. Barford and Mrs. Bishop and

Mrs. Bob. Robertson served delicious fresh strawberries and the ices. The table was an especially lovely arrangement of sweet peas, the fragrant blossoms forming the central adornment and lying scattered in careless beauty all over the filmy lace cloth. Miss Webster, Miss Belcher and Miss Bown assisted in passing the delicious refreshments.

Mrs. Bulyea will not receive this month.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ross have been welcomed back this week from an extended tour through Europe.

Mrs. Duncan Marshall is giving a small tea this (Thursday) afternoon for Miss Maharg of Calgary. Mrs. Jack O'Neill Hayes leaves about May 23rd for her summer cottage at Gull Lake.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Bliss Carman, who is something of a philosopher as well as a poet is said that a man is not perfect who is scrupulous but that to be perfect he must add to scrupulousness, charm. Only the most narrow-minded will question this dictum. And it applies not only to the individual, but just as strongly to people in the mass. The people whose characteristics include no element of charm cannot be ranked as a great people. Therefore the educational system of a nation of people must be so arranged as to develop that side of the people's nature. The Three "R's" do not make a complete system of education even when there is piled upon them all the applied sciences in existence. Literature and art must have a place in order to develop the graces of intellect, manner and character. Hence it follows, with no possibility of question, that music is an important element in national education and, to proceed from the general to the particular, that such an event as the recent Alberta Musical Festival is an event of no minor importance in the development of the citizenship of this province.

Above any other aspect the most important aspect of the Festival is its educational value. It cannot help but increase the interest in music among all those who are in any way connected with it or affected by it. To use a commercial phrase, it is a great advertisement for music and will awaken an interest in the most easily practiced of all the arts among those who especially in a new country, such as this, would be inclined to neglect the graces of life in their frantic activities on the material side of life. Materialism is held up as the great sin of the Canadian west. Let the churches shake hands with the Musical Festival which will prove a strong co-worker in their fight against this deadening absorption of material things.

Dr. A. S. Vogt, a native-born Canadian of German descent, who received the great part of his musical training in Germany and who has won for himself continental fame by his wonderful success with the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, is authority for the statement that Canadians show as great aptitude for music as to the Germans, commonly regarded as the most musical people in the world. And the English people who are coming into this country are an element of strength musically. It would not

absurd of course, to say that this statement is borne out by the Alberta Musical Festival. It is important, however, in showing that those conducting the Festival are working on a good foundation, that all their efforts are justified in that they may confidently look forward to great things in the future.

The recent Festival did not prove that, from a musical point of view, Alberta has arrived, but it did show that we are on our way and going well. For that much, a young province may well pat itself on the back, provided always that it keeps going ahead.

From the general point of view the most important feature of the Festival was the competitions for the choirs and chorale societies. Choral music makes the strongest appeal to Anglo-Saxons and in this country will always be, it is safe to say, the most important medium of musical training. The choirs were all worthy of praise and the defects which were noticeable will be eliminated only by gradual improvement as time goes on. One of the outstanding defects was the lack of uniformity in the quality of voices constituting the choirs. This will be overcome as the field from which the choir can be chosen becomes larger but the improvement may be hastened if choirmasters in their practices devote part of the time to talks on voice production and vocal exercises calculated to improve the quality of the voice. Then the conductors must show more originality in their readings. A notable thing about the choral competitions was the similarity of the readings of the same compositions by different conductors. With the development of originality must come a desire on the part of the conductors to instill into their choirs a better comprehension of the dramatic or poetic significance of the compositions.

An agreeable feature of the Festival was the co-operation of the various musicians of the city. Those who deal in harmonies are generally noted for the discordant relations amongst themselves. It is a good thing that Alberta musicians are establishing a different tradition. May the tradition ever remain a real force.

The London Mail makes this prophecy:

Some day a British actor of the first rank will discover the dramatic possibilities of Canada. In place of visiting Montreal or Toronto, on old vacancies in the American tour, he will make a purely Canadian trip from coast to coast. The actor manager of front place who does this first will, without question, be received everywhere with special enthusiasm, for his move will make a strong appeal to Canadian patriotism, which recent having its plays arranged for by two rival syndicates in New York. At present the fine theatres to be found in the leading Canadian cities are regularly supplied by second-rate American touring companies, with occasional brief visits from stars. The plays are often very second-rate American dramas. During the Easter season

Winnipeg for instance, had "The Virginians" in one theatre, with "A Texas Wooning" to follow in another. The San Francisco Opera Company occupied the third theatre with "Pantana."

"What upsets me most at the theatre," said the glove salesman, "is to see a woman in the play put on her gloves. She is so awkward. She may slip like a siren, kick like a royal opera house corymb and go through all her other stunts with charming grace, but she doesn't know how to put gloves on. No woman doesn't expect a professional finish. Maybe that is the reason the actress is so awkward. She wouldn't put on her gloves right if she could, because she is supposed to hold the mirror up to nature, and to put on gloves gracefully would be such a fake that nature wouldn't recognize herself. The way the stage heroine jabs her fingers into her gloves, pulls up the wrists and tugs at the buttons makes the glove fitter want to stand up and shriek. They see the same thing every time they look around in real life, but the exhibition of incompetence doesn't hit them quite so hard because they haven't paid \$2 to see it."

No Accounting for Taste
"I like the music of all kinds of instruments," said a city dweller, "bass horn and trombone, saxophone and concertina, any sort of instrument you might name, but do you know the sound that pleases me most at this particular time of year? It's the rattle of the lawn mower. That is not what you might exactly call a musical instrument, I know, but there is music in its rattle to me."

On one side of us there's a house, a regular house, with a grass front of it, and the man that lives in that house has got a lawn mower and he cuts his own grass. He's out there cutting it now. He doesn't have far to go to get across that lawn, but you'd think from the sound of the mower that he must be mowing a farm, and if that isn't music to the hungry ear at this time of year, then I don't know music when I hear it. I don't know what key this mower is in, whether it is in GX flat major or in three sharps cantabile, but it makes music all the same; for, as it swells, it tells, while the cut grass sweetly smells, of spring."—New York Sun.

The announcement that Oscar Hammerstein has withdrawn from opera removes from the American field one of the most picturesque impresarios that ever conducted an operatic enterprise. His career has extended from cigar-making to playwright, theatrical agent, builder of theatres, and producer of grand opera. He left Berlin, where he was born in 1847, as a runaway boy, at the age of 16, and, going to the United States, began work in the cigar trade. He invented and patented several labor-saving devices.

As early as 1868, when only twenty-one years old, he wrote three one-act comedies in German, which was produced in New York. He became the

(Continued on Page Five)

LADIES! Hand Bags

We consider these goods the best in quality and style ever offered in Edmonton.—These bags are made of the finest CAPE GOAT leather in Seal or Walrus finish

Prices from \$3.00 to \$8.00

We have just received by express a large assortment of

of the latest American and European Styles.

See our Window display

GEO. H. GRAYDON KING EDWARD DRUG STORE **260 JASPER AVE.**



Printing and Developing for Amateurs

BEST RESULTS ASSURED

Mail us your films and write for price list

623 FIRST ST. Edmonton

Pierced Brass

Latest Fad in Fancy Work

LITTLE'S
Stationery Store, Jasper Av.

SPECIAL

New Goods arriving weekly

We are showing one of the most 'Up-to-Date Stocks' of Millinery in the city.

TORONTO MILLINERY

Store
M. FARRELL
PHONE 2540 143 JASPER, W.

NEW NOVELS

The Duke's Price
Jess of the Storm Country
The Groon Mouse
Rosary, etc.

ou can rent these books by the day. No Charge to Join.

LITTLE'S STATIONERY STORE
18 JASPER AVENUE

Drink Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky,

A Medicine for all Mankind. Highly Recommended by Physicians and Druggists for its Absolute Purity and Great Worth in Disease.

Sold by

EDMONTON WINE & SPIRIT CO.

246, Jasper East.

Phone 1911

Home and Society

Calgary.

Mr. E. Dick of Montreal is in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe of Stettler are in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Brewer of Arrowhead are here for a few days.

Miss Mary Stains of Toronto is visiting friends here.

Mr. R. W. Shepherd of Montreal is in town for a few days.

Mr. W. Pamfey of Lethbridge was here during the week.

Dr. and Mrs. Woodland of Medicine Hat are guests here.

Mr. D. W. Inglis of Beaver Dam was in the city during the week.

Mr. G. C. Dunsford of Terrilite, Switzerland, is seeing Calgary.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Fraser of New York are here for a short stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Cahill of Pittsburgh are spending a few days here.

Mr. and Mrs. Tregent and party of Vancouver are spending a few days in town.

Mr. and Mrs. George Chadwick of California are guests at Braemar Lodge.

Mrs. J. M. Parlow, Iroquois, is in the city, guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. M. Clay.

Mrs. Austin and Miss Austin have returned from California, where they have been spending the winter.

Mr. W. A. Parker, manager of the Traders' Bank at Camrose, spent the week end here.

Miss L. E. Ferguson of Brussels, Ont., is visiting with Mrs. W. J. Ferguson.

Mr. A. Weese of Toronto passed through the city on his way to Vancouver, where he expects to reside.

Mrs. A. H. Saunders announces the engagement of her daughter Ada Helen V. Gidding to Ernest G. West, son of G. E. West of Elbow Park. The marriage will take place on June 15th.

Rev. W. M. Martin, B. D., and Mrs. Martin of London, South, announce the engagement of their daughter, Anna Elizabeth, to Dr. John Nesbitt Gunn, of Calgary, Alta., son of Mr. and Mrs. Hector Gunn of Toronto. The marriage will take place about the end of May.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence May Green to Morris J. Carr, eldest son of Canon Carr of Addison Rectory Kent, England, and also of Miss Kate Daisy Louise Green to James Mansfield Dainton, son of Charles Dainton, of Petworth, England. The wedding will be solemnized at the Church of the Redeemer on June 8th.

The Misses Green are daughters of the late Henry W. Green, the Colonial Secretary for Ceylon.

Miss Lilly was the charming hostess this week in honor of the Misses Green. The afternoon was spent in joyous conversation and music, and terminated with a handkerchief shower for the Misses Green. A few of the guests were: Misses Mason Pearce, Berkinshaw, Harris, Sugs, Findlay, Miller, Plant, Lee, Mrs. MacKay, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Atkinson and Mrs. Bates. In the tea room Mrs. Bates presided with the kind assistance of Miss Honor Simper.

Mrs. Browder, Mrs. J. S. Dennis, Mrs. Rowley, Mrs. Minns, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Lilly and Mrs. Turner Bone were charmingly entertained at a most delightful luncheon given at Braemar Lodge by Mrs. Scott Dawson on Wednesday of this week.

Miss Mason, Miss Perry, Miss DeSousa, Miss Findlay, Miss Harris, Miss Lilly, the Misses Fletcher, Miss Sutherland, the Misses Green, Miss Lee, Miss Pinkham, the Misses Jaynes, Miss Scott, Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Munro, Mrs. Van Wart, Mrs. Mackie, Mrs. Brodie, Mrs. Biggar, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Stratton and Mrs. James Davidson were delightfully entertained at a most enjoyable afternoon given by Miss Berkinshaw on Saturday afternoon. Miss Berkinshaw looked lovely in an attractive creation of cream lace over the prettiest of champagne costumes trimmed with lace and gold.

Miss Shambly and Miss Dennis, in whose honor the function was given, were beautifully gown: Miss Shambly in a cream chiffon broadcloth suit with a large white hat to cor-

respond and Miss Dennis in a perfectly fitting taffeta silk gown and a pretty picture hat. Miss Meyers, the Misses Ings and Miss McCulloch in the delectable of summer dresses flitted from guest to guest and served the appetizing viand. Mrs. Grogan in a black Duchesse satin gown and a becoming white picture hat, and Mrs. Isley, in a cream velvet costume with a sprig, hat trimmed with magnificent plumes and ospreys, were in charge of the tea room. Little Gerald Ings presided at the door. The spacious apartments were brightly pretty with fragrant clusters of sweet peas relieved by numerous ferns and palms. The tea table was very picturesque with its snow-white cloth, centered by a delicate sea-shell, filled with spring blooms. This rested on the finest of lace centres, from which extended graceful loops of pink satin ribbon, which found their way to the four corners of the polished board.

One of the most enjoyable social functions of last week was the euchre party of eight tables given by Mrs. A. M. Terrill. The decorations of roses and ferns was a feast of light and color. The back of the reception room was banked with ferns, palms and roses of every hue from cream to deep pink. The beautiful house seemed to be transformed into a garden of roses.

The hostess in a beautiful cream braided gown of crepe de chine, welcomed her many guests.

Mrs. Cavin, Mrs. Terrill's mother, stately in a handsome black silk, assisted her. Mrs. Gow was fortunate in winning the first prize and Mrs. R. Jamieson was awarded the consolation prize. Some of those present were: Mrs. Jamieson, Dr. and Mrs. Gow, Dr. and Mrs. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. McKelvie, Mr. and Mrs. Hamblin, Mr. and Mrs. Gillies, Mr. and Mrs. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. McCutcheon, Miss Keane, Mrs. Eager.

The Growth of Moving Picture Shows

"An Old Playgoer" writes as follows to the New York Sun:

The educational authorities in Brooklyn report a marked decrease in the number of books taken out of the free circulating libraries of the borough, which must be accounted for. I remember a few years ago when we had the bicycle craze there was a considerable decrease in the sale of works of fiction and I am inclined to account for this decrease in reading in a similar way. The picture show takes the place of novel reading. The attractive and educating power for better or for worse of these shows cannot be ignored. Last night I saw an audience of 2000 people at a picture and vaudeville show in one of Brooklyn's latest theatres. The admission was five, ten and twenty cents, and the place was packed with a thoroughly respectable lot of people. It was most gratifying to observe how whole families had turned out to spend a pleasant evening. The show was absolutely without any objection, and the audience was well behaved.

But these shows are not always without offence. I went to a smaller show in quite a respectable part of Brooklyn, where we had three murders, two suicides and two seductions in one evening. Last Sunday week I stepped into a picture show, the price of admission being only five cents and I was much impressed with the high class of the entertainment. I asked the usher who was the proprietor and he said the lady in the ticket box. It was clearly a woman's effort to earn a decent living in a decent way. I took the liberty of congratulating her on her success.

The first cinematograph theatre which I visited was at Dieppe six years ago, and I am surprised at the slowness with which the new idea has reached America; but it has now come with a rush, and most of the pictures are of a high class.

Mapleton, Albert Co., N.B., April 25.—(Special).—"When I began taking Dadd's Kidney Pills I got relief right away. I have found Dadd's Kidney Pills a great medicine." So says William O. Cain, well known and highly respected in Mapleton. And Mr. Cain has a very good reason for making so emphatic a statement. For eight years he was a sufferer from Kidney Disease, and did not seem to be able to get relief.

a clown in a circus.

A curious characteristic of these picture shows (and it is matter of popular education) is the singular manner in which tragedy impinges on the modern mind. I have been a careful student of the "Percy Reliques" for the good bishop was born in my county and George Barnwell killed his uncle in my native town and my readers will remember how Sam Weller recalls the crime and the fate of the "young 'oman who reserved scragging a precious sight more than he did." It is within my recollection that young men were exhorted both from the stage and from the pulpit to take warning of George Barnwell; and in my recent experience of the picture show I have observed how the stories are enacted on the cinematograph.

In years gone by these tragical themes were the subject of the people's ballads, which had almost disappeared, but they are now being revived in our popular picture shows.

Following Copy.

One of the early graduates of West Point was Gen. Ethan Allen Hitchcock. He was Gen. Winfield Scott's inspector-general in the Mexican war, and during his entire life kept a diary. In 1847, in the Mexican campaign, he records what he terms "a funny scene that would require a Dickens or a Lever to describe it." It is given in his diary, or "Fifty Years in Camp and Field."

General Scott called for his letter book to show me a letter from himself to Commodore Connor. It had been copied by an interpreter, "Colonel" Edmondson. An error was discovered, and the general broke out: "Colonel Edmondson! Did you copy this?" "Yes, sir."

"My dear colonel, that is not right. That inter-lineation should be there," pointing with his finger, "and not there, don't you see? The sense requires it. I never wrote it so. It is not sense. You make me write nonsense. You will kill me. I'll commit suicide if you don't follow me."

"Follow me, no matter where I go, follow me, if it is out of a third-story window. I'll commit suicide if you don't. I pledge you my honor. I will. I'll not survive it. What? Send that nonsense to the government?"

"My dear colonel! Don't you attempt to correct me! And here again, over here, there should be a period and not a semicolon. The capital letter shows it. How could you make it a semicolon? Correct that on your life!"

"I'll correct it immediately!" exclaims the colonel.

"And there you've left a space at the beginning of the line. That shows a new sentence; but there was none, it was all one sentence in the original. Never leave a space at the beginning of a line except when beginning a new sentence."

"There! You've put a 'g' in Colonel Hardin's name. I'll bet a thousand, ten thousand dollars to one farthing there was no 'g' in the original. I'll not survive it. I'll die before I send such a copy to the government. What would be said of me? That I write nonsense, and don't know how to spell Colonel Hardin's name. I'll bet a thousand dollars to one farthing there was no 'g' in the original, and never was. No matter how strange the spelling, follow me! Don't you attempt to correct my spelling!"

"This is about a fourth part of what he said of the same sort; and what made it more funny is that when I pressed; important orders were in progress to open the trenches."

HE GOT RELIEF RIGHT AWAY

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE KIDNEY DISEASE OF EIGHT YEARS' STANDING.

That's What they did for William O. Cain, and now he says: "Dodd's Kidney Pills are a great medicine."

Mapleton, Albert Co., N.B., April 25.—(Special).—"When I began taking Dodd's Kidney Pills I got relief right away. I have found Dodd's Kidney Pills a great medicine." So says William O. Cain, well known and highly respected in Mapleton. And Mr. Cain has a very good reason for making so emphatic a statement. For eight years he was a sufferer from Kidney Disease, and did not seem to be able to get relief.

"Why, I was so bad," Mr. Cain goes on to say, "and my kidneys bothered me so that if I went to pick anything off the ground I would fall." But Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him, just as they have cured thousands of other sufferers all over Canada. They never fail to cure Kidney Disease of any kind. Not once, but scores of times have they vanquished Bragg's Disease, the most deadly of all kidney troubles, while every day brings stories of cures of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Dropsy and Heart Disease from various parts of the Dominion. Other kidney medicines may cure. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure.

AN INCIDENT OF 1889

In the Journal's excerpts from its files of twenty-one years ago there recently appeared a paragraph telling how, when in April, 1889, Mr. Oliver Mowat, prime minister of Ontario, visited the state capital of New York, the members of the legislature refused him the honor of a seat on the floor of the House, although such honor was habitually granted to all the smaller visiting politicians of the United States. And the newspaper account of that time seemed to intimate that this discourtesy met with the approval of the larger number of the members of the American state legislatures.

Such incident would be unthinkable at the present time in either country. In the generation that has elapsed since 1889 the Dominion of Canada and the United States have made long strides towards a better understanding, and a better liking for the good points in the national character of each other. The incident of 1889 is of more importance today than it was when it happened, seeing it furnishes Canadians of today a mark by which they can judge the long distance in friendliness, courtesy and respect that the two nations have travelled in the past quarter century.—Ottawa Journal.

Starland

Next Monday and Tuesday, Starland will exhibit, for the first time in Canada, the 1910 Oxford-Cambridge boat race, which has been imported directly from England.

The following is an account of the race as given in the Free Press of March 24th, 1910:

"Oxford today won the historic boat race with Cambridge by 3½ lengths before a closely packed throng that lined the river the full length of the course from Putney to Mortlake. The two crews put up one of the greatest contests the event ever developed. The weather was ideal. There was a light breeze from the south which made for comfort, but did not even ripple the water, and the sun was bright to bring out all the gay aspects of the crowds and boats of every kind along the course."

The Audience Was Enthralled.

"One of my most surprising experiences," said a lecturer, "was a comparatively small thing that has left an unforgettable impression. It occurred in a small town hall, that had just been refurbished and redecorated. The seats were of that collapsible wooden kind with leather bottoms, and they had all been freshly and neatly varnished."

"So far as I could judge from the lecture platform, my remarks went off excellently. The audience was attentive, and when I had finished there was the usual applause that sometimes leaves a lecturer wondering whether the audience is pleased with the lecture or is just expressing its satisfaction that the affliction is over. I was about to leave the platform, when I was surprised to notice that the audience was still seated, they sat and looked at them, and I stood and looked at me. It was a small hall, and there were only a dozen or so rows of seats immediately in front of me. I could see the faces of all the people, and the expressions puzzled me. In fact, each face wore almost the same expression of surprise, astonishment and indignation. Here and there one of them would start to get up, and then change his mind and remain thinking it over. They seemed to be waiting."

"Then it dawned on me. The seats! They had been newly varnished—and my entire audience was stuck to them. I began to wonder whether I should have to call for the janitor and pry them off one after another."

"Fortunately my man, sitting in the front row, had the courage to meet the situation. He drew himself together, made a mighty effort, and rose suddenly to his feet. The thing happened just as everybody had expected. There was a tearing sound as he left the varnish, but he was on his feet, and had set an example that the rest felt they must follow or remain there forever."

"I went to the edge of the platform."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said I, "shall I begin another lecture?" "Apparently the threat and the successful escape of that one determined man inspired the others. There followed a succession of reports, like the first, and the audience, finding their way toward the entrances. But the expression with which most of them looked back at those newly varnished chairs was something to remember."

Starland

Always Up-to-Date - Always Ahead of the Others

Next Monday

Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race

Witnessed by an Immense Throng.

For the Garden

A fine lot of

BEDDING PLANTS

at 35c per dozen

Now ready:

Asters Pansy Phlox Verbena
Snapdragon Lobelia Wallflower

Others ready later

We are now filling Hanging Baskets and Window Boxes

Let us have your order now and avoid delay

Ramsay's Greenhouses

PHONE 1292

Music and Drama

(Continued from page four)

tessee and manager of the Stadt Theatre in New York, in 1870, and from then on he grew in importance in the theatrical world. He built the Harlem Opera House in 1880, and later built the Columbus theatre, Manhattan Opera House, Olympia, (now the New York Theatre, Victoria Theatre, Orlasco Theatre and New Opera House.

It was said of him that he had made a million and a half dollars from nothing and then lost it, only to gain it back again in the same way. "I give it back again in the same way," he once said, "for the unspeakable pleasure of giving other people pleasure."

Disguised with the whims of singers, he sold out his entire opera holdings in New York and Philadelphia at a figure considerable over \$2,000,000. It was decided by the Metropolitan Opera Company directors that they would take over practically all of the contracts with the prominent artists who have been singing under the management of Mr. Hammerstein. This list includes Mme. Tetrazzini, Miss Mary Garden, Maurice Renaud, Charles D'Amico, John McCormick and at least ten other of the prominent artists who have been appearing at the Manhattan.

God's Winter

The bitter blast of winter days, Relentless in their tyranny, Mar the strenuous couriers of flowered ways, And bare the tree.

And where aforlorn man might see The tangle of a leafy maze, Seer written skeletons there be.

His hand to spare nor stops, nor stays, Yet gently steels and smilingly 'Tis he may in his springtime raise A fairer tree.

—Leonard Knipe, Vermilion, Alta.

Forbes-Taylor Co. Costumiers

Specials for this Week

Normandy Rajah Silks

In new Colors

Foulard Silks

Endless variety of Patterns

Fresh delivery of very fine White Lawn Waists and Gowns

La Chic Corsets

Unequaled for giving graceful figure

Forbes-Taylor Co.

233 Jasper Avenue W.

Sale of China

Clearing Saturday at

20c

LITTLE'S Stationery Store
18 Jasper Ave. E.

A Storekeeper Says:

"A lady came into my store lately and said: 'I have been using a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove all winter in my apartment. I want one now for my summer home. I think these oil stoves are wonderful. If only women knew what a comfort they are, they would all have one. I spoke about my stove to a lot of my friends, and they were astonished. They thought that there was smell and smoke from an oil stove, and that it heated a room just like any other stove. I told them of my experience, and one after another they got one, and now, not one of them would give hers up for five times its cost.'"

The lady who said this had thought an oil stove was all right for quickly heating milk for a baby, or boiling a kettle of water, or to make coffee quickly in the morning, but she never dreamed of using it for difficult or heavy cooking. Now—she knows.

Do you really appreciate what a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove means to you? No more coal to carry, no more coming to the dinner table so tired out that you can't eat. Just light a Perfection Stove and immediately the heat from an intense blue flame shoots up to the bottom of the pot, kettle or oven. But the room isn't heated. There is no smoke, no smell, no outside heat, no draught in the kitchen where one of these stoves is used.



Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads 'New Perfection'.

New Perfection Oil Cook-stove

It has a Cabinet Top with a shelf for keeping plates and food hot. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular

The Imperial Oil Company,
Limited.



MATHIEU'S SYRUP
OF Tar and Cod Liver
Oil
Large Bottle 36c
Mathieu's Mawing
Powders
Box of 18 Bottles 25c
From all dealers

Cure that Cough— Prevent Another

There is a double benefit in using Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil. It *cures*, it *fortifies*; it removes the immediate trouble, drives away the cough, soothes the irritated surface, heals the inflamed membranes and at the same time, owing to its tonic properties, builds up the system as a whole.

Its results are marvellous. A bottle in the house is a wise precaution.

All dealers keep

MATHIEU'S SYRUP Of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

J. L. MATHIEU CO., Props., SHERBROOKE, P.Q.
Distributors for Western Canada, Foley Bros. Laxson & Co., Vancouver, Edmonton, Winnipeg

WHY CALL PEOPLE CRANKS?

Who are Exactings. They usually know Goods of Quality and insist on having them. There are none so hard to please but will be satisfied with

EDDY'S "SILENT" MATCHES

They are the most perfect made, make absolutely no noise, no splutter, no smell of sulphur, are quick, and safe. All good dealers keep them, also

Eddy's Pails, Tubs, Washboards,
Toilet Papers, etc.

The E. B. EDDY Coy. Hull, Can.
Established 1851

THE CONNELLY-MCKINLEY CO. LTD.
FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS
Private Chapel and Ambulance
136 Rice Street Phone 1525

Fire Insurance

ROBERT MAYS

Room 5 Crystall Block, 42 Jasper Avenue, W.
Phone 1263 EDMONTON, ALT

Renew Your Subscription

COLONEL JAMES MASON



Recent events in finance have thrown into further prominence the name of Col. James Mason, general manager of the Home Bank of Canada, who takes a part on the board of directors of the Dominion Coal Company. At the meeting of the coal company, held in Montreal a few days ago, two new directors were elected to the board, Sir William Van Horne and Col. James Mason. Sir William represents the steel interests, while Col. Mason is the representative of a group of Toronto shareholders.

Col. James Mason has had a long identity with the most solid element of finance in Toronto. As a young man he came under the notice of the late Sir Frank Smith, the millionaire senator. In 1878 Sir Frank Smith, together with Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, the present president of the Home Bank, secured a controlling interest in the Toronto Savings Bank, a then popular institution established in 1854. These gentlemen reorganized the Toronto Savings Bank and named it the Home Savings and Loan Company. James Mason, who had begun his

banking career as a junior member of the staff of the Toronto Savings Bank, was made manager of the Savings and Loan Company. From 1878 until 1905, when the Home Loan Company became the Home Bank of Canada, James Mason filled the chief executive office. Under his management the Loan Company paid a seven per cent. dividend each year, and when the final transfer of assets was accomplished, the original shareholders received a cash bonus of thirty per cent. on their holdings and \$200 in Home Bank stock for each \$100 of Loan Company stock.

Before going to the board of the Dominion Coal Company, Col. Mason was on the directorate of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal, so he comes well qualified to assume his new duties. He is also director on the board of the Manufacturers' Life, and is interested in a variety of lesser financial interests. He ranks as a full colonel in the Canadian militia, and, with Earl Grey and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, was recently elevated to the honor of Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England.

THE LOUNGER

(Continued from page two)

As the stranger from Edmonton progressed with the reading, a strange light came into his eyes. The villagers were more than ever convinced that they had a madman in their midst. But they let him finish.

"Well, can't you give me more particulars," they demanded.

"Anyone who would give more particulars regarding an affair of this kind after Dr. Wade has got through with you is a dandy. I am more than glad to be able to tell you, however, ladies and gentlemen, that this is all a pipe-dream of the doctor's, or to be more polite in my phraseology, that, after being up against the realities of life in the police court for so many years, he is now delving in the realms of fiction. Of course, to avoid confusion, it may seem to you that it would have been better to have had the war take place a few years hence. The explanation, I imagine, is that Dr. Wade's efforts are rather prolonged and that 'The Pacific War of 1910' made its first appearance a long while before 1910.

"But," said one simple-minded citizen, "isn't it strange for loyal Britishers to publish such rot about the allies of the Mother Country?"

"Well, it does strike me that way," was the reply.

"But then you have to make large allowances for the artistic temperament."

Thoughtfully the villagers returned to their everyday tasks. The mother who had called her children into the house and hugged them over and over again, a few minutes before, as she thought all that the murdering yellow man might do to them, gave them each another hug and sent them out to play again. The newly-chosen commander of the Home Guard put away his shot gun and started in on his wood pile once more.

"Regina heads the list of contributors for the Big Fight." This is the heading the Regina Standard throws across its front page. Visions of a special train to the ringside in California to see the go between Jeffries and Johnston are immediately conjured. And then as you read below you find that the list has to do with the coming local option campaign in Saskatchewan.

Halley's comet is now said to be visible to the naked eye. But as four o'clock in the morning is the time for viewing it, why should the eye be singled out on a charge of immodeesty?

All ye big-nosed men and women take comfort from what Woods Hutchinson has to say in Success:

"There is a tolerably close racial parallel," he writes, "between high-nosed and high-minded. The nose is not only our most human, but in a broad sense is our most intellectual feature. Growth of nose and shrinkage of jaw have been the two great correlates which have accompanied human progress. The moment, however, that we endeavor to go beyond these broad and loose generalizations we find ourselves in trouble. This, from the fact patent to everyone who has kept his eyes open, that we find noses of practically all shapes, from the plebeian plug to the aristocratic aquiline, in individuals of the same family, although the long and straight or convex noses would be far more numerous in the higher races and the shyer families. It is comparatively seldom that a great man has a small nose, or even a short one, and instead of applying such terms as 'probo-cis,' 'beak,' 'carrot,' and 'beet' to a large, long aggressive nose, it should be regarded as a mark of breeding and as prima facie evidence of good blood and capacity.



HASSAN Cork Tipped Cigarettes

The Oriental Smoke

Ten for ten cents

Smokers have caught on to their low price
and fine quality

The editor was absent from the office last week and the proof was read by inexperienced hands, consequently numerous typographical errors crept into the paper. One of the most conspicuous was an item in the A. H. School Notes, which referred to Senator Bilbo as affiliating with the saloons at Jackson, when the word should have been saloons.—Poplarville (Miss). Free Press.

Daughter—"Mamma, can't I have a little money for shopping this morning?"

Mrs. Malaprop—"No, dear; there's the taxes to pay, and I expect the taxidermist around my neck."—Boston Transcript.

"I want a license to marry the best girl in the world," said the young man.

"Sure," commented the clerk, "that makes thirteen hundred licenses for that girl this season."—Puck.

Difficult Situation

About a year ago a cook informed her Boston mistress that she was apt to leave at any time, as she was engaged to be married. The mistress was genuinely sorry, as the woman is a good cook and steady. Time passed however without further word of leaving, though the happy man-to-be was a frequent caller in the kitchen. The other day the mistress was moved by curiosity to ask:

"When are you to be married, Nora?"

"Indade, an' it's niver at all, I'll be thinkin', mum," was the sad reply.

"Really? What is the trouble?"

"Tis this, mum. I won't marry Mike when he's drunk, an' when he's sober he won't marry me."—Judge.

The Dominic—"What kind of summer holiday do you expect to have this year?"

Little Society Boy—"That depends on whether the judge gives me into the custody of mamma or papa."—Brooklyn Life.

The Porter's Dilemma.

The porter was greatly perplexed. At High Polsover, says a writer in London Opinion, a lady with a long, a middle-aged, tall, angular, tailor-made woman, and she looked sternly at the commercial traveller in the seat opposite through her lorgnette. Before seating herself she opened the carriage window, and sent it down with a bang. At Hilsdon Cross another woman came in.

She had fluffy hair, and an appealing look in her blue eyes. She sat down and glanced at the open window and shivered pathetically; then she looked at the commercial traveller.

"I shall be frozen to death!" cried the fluffy-haired lady.

"If this window is closed, I shall suffocate!" cried the other woman.

The porter opened his mouth. He started to raise the window. Then he retreated. Dazed, he turned appealingly to the commercial traveller.

Both the women also turned to the commercial traveller. That gentleman rose, passed by the ladies, opened the door to the platform, and went out, followed by the porter.

"And what, sir," said the porter, "would you say as 'ow I should do, sir?"

"It's quite simple," said the commercial traveller. "Leave the window as it is, open, till one lady is frozen to death; then close it and suffocate the other. I'm going forward for the rest of the trip."

Boyd's

SOLD EVERYWHERE
Cupid, the little King of hearts With Boyd's Chocolates Points his darts.

Chocolates

W.J. BOYD CANDY CO.
WINNIPEG.

GILBEY'S INVALID PORT FOR A SPRING TONIC

Recommended by Physicians.

For sale by

Edmonton Wine & Spirit Co.

Phone 1911.

246, Jasper Avenue



*Mamma, tunc me
a box of*

Boyd's

(WJB)
CHOCOLATES
W.J. BOYD CANDY CO
WINNIPEG

\$54,694,882

was the net amount of insurance on the companies books December 31st, 1908, and the year's operations showed that

The Mutual Life Assurance Co. Of Canada

made very substantial gains in other departments of its business:

(a) It gained in Assets \$1,329,098
(b) " Income 945,288
(c) " Surplus 302,571
(d) " Surplus 348,286

while its ratio of expense to income was smaller than in previous years.

MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
Head Office - Waterloo

S. A. Gordon Barnes
District Manager
Phone 1627 and 1943
4th & Jasper, Edmonton
Over Capital Mercantile Co.

IMPERIAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

MONEY TO LOAN
ON
IMPROVED FARM LANDS
APPLY

C. D. RODGERS
Archibald Block - Edmonton



MINARD'S LINIMENT

The Original and Only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

MINARD'S LINIMENT

S.W. SANDERSON
762 FIRST ST. PHONE 1784
PHOTOGRAPHER

HOW CONTROL OF MARRIAGE WOULD IMPROVE THE RACE

Mr. John Gray, F. R. A. S., secretary of the Anthropometrical Committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, has discussed the question as to whether great men do not generally produce great offspring. He says: "The investigation of Sir Francis Galton answers this question emphatically in the affirmative."

"Galton has made a careful investigation of the ability of the relatives of the most eminent men about whom sufficient data are recorded in history. He found that the more eminent a man the larger was the number of his eminent relatives. The kinsmen of lord chancellors, for example, were found to be far richer in ability than those of other judges."

"An important discovery of Galton's was that men of genius are the result of a supreme effort of nature to which the approaches through successive generations of ancestors of increasing ability find from which she retreats through successive generations of decreasing ability."

"Galton's law is that if we start with a sufficient number of men all of whom are eminent the percentage of eminent men among their ancestors ad among their descendants will be reduced by a constant fraction in each generation."

"For instance, if we start with one hundred eminent men, and assume that the fraction by which they are reduced by a constant fraction in each generation is one quarter, twenty five per cent. of their fathers and of their sons, six per cent. of their grandfathers and of their grandsons, and one and a half per cent. of their great-grandfathers and of their great-grandsons will be equally eminent."

Second Chamber Experiments
"It is clear that this law of Galton's would be fatal to any attempt to maintain under ordinary conditions the ability of the members of a second chamber at the highest level by the strict application of the hereditary principle."

"If the second chamber were started with one hundred of the most eminent men in the country and recruited on the principle of primogeniture from the descendants of the original emment, the average ability of the assembly would fall in the course of four or five generations to that of the mass of men who obtain the ordinary prizes of life."

"It would, however, apparently be possible to maintain the high quality of a second chamber, on strictly hereditary lines, if each member had four sons and the best was always selected as his successor."

"The following numbers given by Havelock Ellis show that there is immense difference in the average ability of different classes of our population."

"Of 89 of the most eminent British men and women the numbers and percentages according to classes are:

Upper classes (or "good family") 154 88.3
Yeoman and farmers 50 16.7
Church 139 7.1
Law 59 7.1
Army 35 4.2

Navy (and sea generally) 16 1.9
Medicine 30 7.8
Miscellaneous professions. 65 3.6
Officials, clerks, etc. 27 3.2
Commercial 156 18.8
Crafts 77 9.2
Artisans and unskilled 21 2.5

"The artisans and unskilled are probably one hundred times as numerous as the clergy, and ought, if their average ability was the same, to produce one hundred times as many eminent men as the church."

"The table above shows that the church produces six times as many eminent men as the working class."

"The commercial class being about twelve times as numerous as the clergy, should produce twelve times as many eminent men. It produces only one eighth more."

"Silence appears to indicate that the welfare of the state demands not disestablishment of the church, but an increase of the establishment, if such a policy would lead, as is highly probable, to an increase of the numbers of the clergy."

"It must not be forgotten that a favorable environment has something to do with the making of eminent men. Among the upper and better educated classes the environment of the home, of the school, and of professional and commercial life is no doubt calculated to develop more effectively the inherited capacities of the younger generation in these classes. But the tendency of modern social reforms is to make these influences more equal for all."

"It cannot be said that our knowledge of the laws of heredity is by any means complete. The statistical laws deduced by Galton apply to the present organization of society, in which mating takes place practically at random within certain class limits."

"If marriages were controllable the new science of Mendellism points to the conclusion that the average ability of the various classes of the population could be immensely increased, and that when a superior type had been produced it could be preserved unchanged in successive generations."

"This has been shown to be possible in the case of plants and the lower animals. Why should the same laws not be applicable to man. If they are it would be possible to ensure that great men should always have great sons."

Call of the Adventurer
(Ethel Talbot in Lippincott's Magazine.)
Come, leave your lowland alligances,
Your scanty plots and tillages,
Which summer-drought still pillages,
With the hills on either hand.

Come, let us forth together, lads,
Let slip the loosened tether, lads,
Fare forth, and face the weather, lads,
Our goal be no man's land.

Our sweethearts weep regretfully,
The good ship plunges freely,
Our wine we drink to leisure.

Come, lads and cast your part with us,
Ah, leave the shouting mart with us,
Come, bear a joyous heart with us,
To sail the wandering seas.

Study the lines on the joy rider's face.

Study the lines on the joy rider's face.

Study the lines on the joy rider's face.

Study the lines on the joy rider's face.

Study the lines on the joy rider's face.

Study the lines on the joy rider's face.

Study the lines on the joy rider's face.

Study the lines on the joy rider's face.

Study the lines on the joy rider's face.

Trouble in the Pedro Club

Indignation marked the meeting of the pedro club last week. The women were so angry that they scarce had power to speak; O, it's plain a split is coming, ere another month is o'er.
There will be two clubs, I'm certain where one was known before.
And the cause of all the trouble is that Mrs. Graham claims
That Mrs. Schultz had gone outside and called her awful names.

When the meeting came to order Mrs. Graham took the floor, And her face was white with anger, it was plain that she was sore; "I've heard," she loudly shouted, "from a dear old friend of mine, That Mrs. Schultz is hoping that I'm going to resign.
And, furthermore, she stated that she doesn't like my style, That my house is always dirty, that I'm gadding all the while."

"I never did," cried Mrs. Schultz, "my dears, that isn't so!"
"Keep still," said Mrs. Graham, "I'll tell you all I know!"
"A friend of hers told Mrs. Paine, a neighbor on our street, That Mrs. Schultz had told her that you women think I cheat.
And she said that with my husband I don't get along at all!"
Here she broke down altogether and began to loudly bawl.

"Shame! Shame!" cried Mrs. Graham's friends, whose tears fell like the rain,
"Hold on! Hold on!" the others cried, "let Mrs. Schultz explain!"
"She can't explain," then answer came, and then the fight began,
In fury friends of Mrs. Schultz replied: "She can! She can!"
And thus they squabbled back and forth and made a great ado.
And if that club e'er meets again, 'twill have to meet as two.

Knew Wife and Dog

(Puck.)

A man's voice, husky with anxiety, called up police headquarters the other night at about 2:30 a. m. It was a distraught husband begging the police to help him find his wife, who had been missing since 8 o'clock in the evening.

"What's her description?" asked the official at the phone. "Her height? Weight?"

"Er—er—about average, I guess," stammered the husband. "Color of eyes?"

A confused burring sound came back over the wire. "Blue or brown?" prompted the official.

"I—I don't know!" "How was she dressed?"

"I guess she wore her coat and hat—she took the dog with her."

"What kind of a dog?" "Brindle bull terrier, weight 14½ pounds, four dark blotches on his body, shading from grey into white; a round, blackish spot over the left eye; white stub of a tail, three white legs, and the right front leg nicely banded all but the toes; a small nick in his left ear, gold filling in his upper right molar, a silver link collar with—"

"That'll do!" gasped the official. "We'll find the dog!"

The Joy Rider.

Faster and faster, inviting disaster;
Speeding insanely, dashing still faster;
Racing up climbs and spurring on levels,
Setting a pace for the runaway devil;
Facing the wind and rattling through space;
Study the lines on the joy rider's face.

Senseless the rate at which he is going;
Darting over bridges, on curves never slowing;

Study the lines on the joy rider's face.

Study the lines on the joy rider's face.

Study the lines on the joy rider's face.

Study the lines on the joy rider's face.

Study the lines on the joy rider's face.

Study the lines on the joy rider's face.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874.

Capital Authorized \$5,000,000.
Capital Paid Up \$2,297,880.
Real and Undivided Profits \$3,783,468.

Special facilities for collections on any point in Canada or abroad.

The Bank transacts every description of banking business.

Edmonton Branch - A. H. DICKINS, Manager

Ring 2464

For Your Next Order

COAL and WOOD

T. G. PEARCE

FIRST STREET, Cor. Halminko EDMONTON

Running like mad in violent excitement;
Auto inebriate, courting indictment—
Reckless of danger, speed, distance and place,
Study the lines on the joy rider's face.

Lawless joy riding invites the precocity,
Tempts the chauffeur toward untold velocity.

Crazes his wits, hastes him to destruction—
Auto bewitched a natural deduction.
Auto-intoxicant, fool-killer's pace;
See the don't-care-a-cuss joy rider's face.

Rhymed Review of Ralph Connor's "The Foreigner."

In his own inimitable way Arthur Guiterman, of New York Life, sums up his opinion of the theological views expressed by Ralph Connor in "The Foreigner" in the following:

The wind is east; the roads are broke;
That daunt our pattered city dwellers;
And I must read a bunch of books
Because they head the list of sellers!

And this one tells the best of all—
But why? By all that's wild and woolly
In Canada, I dare not call
The novel good; it's goody-goody.

The tale begins in Winnipeg
Among the immigrant Galicians
Who love to drink and shake a leg
And furnish jobs for kind physicians.

Young Kalman Kalmer longs (and not we find, without a deal of reason)
To kill the villain, Rosenblatt,
A grateful Slav a-brim with treason.

But, sent out West, the youngster grows
To manhood, morally befriended.
He learns at length that killing foes
Is not a thing that Saints commended.

Yet Rosenblatt you may be bound,
Not thus is freed of Retribution;
Another instrument is found
For Heaven's Righteous Execution.

An outlawed nihilist returns.
"Sat! Boom!" A dreadful detonation,
And Rosenblatt the Wicked burns
To death, and all is jubilation.

I hate to see an author shirk
The moral points a story raises
And shove the Hero's dirty work
On Providence in canny phrases.

Let Heroes wear the vengeful sword
And slay these Villains pestiferous;
But—thriving vengeance on the Lord
Now, honest, is that reverential?

That Cough Won't Stick

—to you if you take Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil; it will grow worse if you neglect it. Help nature drive away the cold and tone up your health. Nothing else does this double duty as well as Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil.
It arrests—it cures—it heals—it strengthens.
Large bottle 35 cts. from all dealers.
J. L. Mathieu Co. Props., (Quebec, P.Q.)
Distributors for Western Canada, F. W. Brown, Limited, and Co., Vancouver, B.C., and Winnipeg.

Turner's Orchestra

For Dances, etc.

Rooms 23 & 24, ALBERTA BLOCK

Phone, 3033



THE ONLY DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE

between Chicago and Eastern Canada

and the Double Track Line to New York via Niagara Falls

The Route With Something to See All the Way

Cook's Tours, Quebec S.S. Co. Special Tours to the Mediterranean, Bermudas and West Indies

For Rates, Reservations and Full Information, Apply to A. E. DUFF, General Agent Pass. Dept., 280 Portage ave., Winnipeg, Man.

ORIGINAL CAPITAL BEER

THE BEST TONIC FOR SPRING

FINE OLD SCOTCH WHISKIES

THAT ARE FOUND IN EVERY GOOD HOME
COME FROM THE

Capital Wine and Spirit Co.

A. E. Hopkins, Manager

Naples. The Beautiful Bay of Naples and Vesuvius

Rates, \$1.00 and up
European Plan 450 rooms with telephone
Baths free on each Floor. FIREPROOF
A. W. FAGER